

News from Rome, ⁹³

BEING A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE POPE and the DEVIL

At a Late Conference.

Consulting the most Effectual Expedients for Promoting their
Joint Interest and Designs in the present Juncture of Affairs.

With their Instructions concluded upon to be sent to their
Emissaries in all parts to that purpose.



Accipe nunc Pape Insidias.

Flectere si nequeat superes Acheronta movebit.

Published by Martin Marpole, Author of the Protestant Almanack.

NEWVS from ROME,
OR,

A Dialogue between the Pope and the Devil.

The Introduction, or Occasion of the Conference.

HIS Holiness being lately much perplext at the Receipt of a Packet from *Tropia*, intimating that some of his most hopeful *Projects*, thwarted by Providence, were like to miscarry; forthwith summon'd all the Cardinals to a solemn Conclave, where a Thousand Proposals were made for Retrieving the desperate Game, yet none that seem'd satisfactory: Whereupon Dismissing that Assembly, the holy Father reflecting how Famous divers of his Predecessors had been for *Negromancy* and *Conjuring*, sends immediately to the *Vatican* for some choice Volumns of *Magick*, and retiring (when Night-masking Heavens Face made all things appear Black in conformity with his Designs, and no noise but the Musick of howling Wolves and Schreechowlds hollows could be heard) to an obscure Corner of *Belvidere* his private Garden, he there with the accustomed Ceremonies, Invokes *Lucifer*, Prince of the Fallen Angels, to make his personal Appearance, not doubting but that Subtle degraded Seraphin (knowing it to be their joint concern) would furnish him with some fresh New-minted Policies, for carrying on his Business in this unexpected Exigency. Scarce had he finished his dreadful Orisons (which he repeated with more Devotion than ever he Mumbled out an *High Mass*) when the welcome Monarch of the Infernal Crew appears, usher'd with flashes of Lightning, and thus Accosts him.

Devil. Who thus Importunately summons our Presence? We are of late too much Crowded with Employments, both Military and Civil, Ecclesiastick and Secular, to attend every impertinent pleasure: Speak therefore, and briefly thy Name and Business.

Pope. I am, dread Prince of Darkness, *Servus Servorum*, the humblest of your Vassals, your Deputy, your *Vice-Roy* on Earth, on whom your Bounty has conferr'd the *Tripple Crown*, and other marks of Damnable Favour: My business is to Implore your Advice and Directions

Directions in certain Affairs, that not a little concern both mine own
and your Interest.

Devil. Who? our Infallible Father? The Support of our Empire,
and Darling of our Hopes? To thee both our Ear and Breast shall be
ever Open.

Pope. Gracious *Belzebub*, You oblige me eternally to serve you,
and as your Assistance heretofore brought Princes to Kiss my Gony
Toes, I cannot in Gratitude refrain from paying the same Devotion
to your most Reverend Cloven Foot.

Devil. Spare now that unnecessary Complement, and Acquaint us
with the present posture of Affairs.

Pope. I am all Obedience to your commands: But must crave
leave to state things *ab Origine*. 'Tis not unknown to your Ghost-
ly Intelligence, what faithful Votaries, my self, and Predecessors
for many hundred Years, have been to your hellish Interest, after your
Delphick Oracles were smuck Dumb, and your Heathen Slaves grown
weary of doing your Tofmehning Drudgeries. When the Light of
the Gospel in its purity (which designs the utter overthrow of your
dark Kingdom) had baffled all your Fury, becoming more bright by
the surrounding Flames of Persecution, so that you were forced for a
time to wave fruitless Rigours, and rectify the conduct of your af-
fairs to our Management. You may remember how suddenly by an
other Path, we Re-establish your power greater then ever. Our sain-
ed Traditions, new invented Doctrines, Canons, Decrees, Discretals,
Constitutions, and pompous Ceremonies, had soon altered the Face
of the Church, and rendered it quite different in all things (but the
Name) from the Primitive Simplicity: Our Pardons, Absolutions,
Indulgencies, permitting of publick Stews or Bawdy-Houses, our
Doctrines of Merit, Venial Sin, Purgatory, and works of Superar-
rogation. What were they but so many Draw-nets, or Lime-twigs
to inveigle the Looser and Unwary part of Mankind in your Snares
and Lake of Perdition. After that, I need not recount the Bloody
Wars we have raised, the horrid Treasons we have Fomented, the
cruel Massacres we have caused throughout *Bohemia, England, France,*
and *Germany* of old, and in *Ireland*, and *Valleys of Piedmont* of a latter
date; whereby some Millions of Innocent and Pious Souls have been
by our Religious Industry, offered up as so many Victims to your
Hellish Milice: Besides this, we have of late

Devil. Hold, hold, good Mr. Pope, though we allow you to Preach
your Doctrine of Merit to others, you must not Boast it to us. We

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acknowledg your eminent Services, nor have we been behind hand in Retaliations: Have we not advanced you to Riches, Pomp, and Glory? To the Title of Universal Bishop, and Successor of Peter (though you imitate him in nothing, but denying his Master?) Have we not brought you to Lord over all your fellow Bishops, and behold with contempt, Kings, and Emperors at your Feet? Is not your Interest and Advantage inseparably Twisted with mine? If your Doctrines or Ceremonies bring me in Souls. Do they not bring your in Money? And when your zeal destroys my Enemies, do you not provide for your own Safety and Grandure?

Pope. 'Tis confess *Mighty Satyr*! Nor did I intend to upbraid you with our Devouts, but to induce you thereby rather to our assistance; For some few Ages ago a Pestilent Generation sprung up, that would pull down the whole Fabrick we so long have been Building, and Restore Religion in its primitive Beauty, strip of all those Meretricious Gayties, which at once both Replenish your Territories and our Coffers.

Devil. Pish, Pish, did I not Teach you long since a Medicine, called the *Inquisition*, to stop the Spreading of such Leprosies.

Pope. True, But alas! It came too late, some Kingdoms were so Infected, that they cast of all Subjection to our Authority, and left no hopes (at least as yet) of bringing that most Excellent Engine amongst them to Reduce 'em.

Devil. In that case too, I many years ago provided thee an Expedient, by Erecting the Society of *Jesuits*, those Matchless Embroilers of Affairs, who being sent abroad, will, I doubt not, by their learned and active Zeal, soon bring back these stragling Hereticks to Roost under the Wings of *Mother Church*, and Trundle to your Irish wooden Chair.

Pope. Upon my Holiness your *Devilship* is egregiously mistaken, a *Jesuite*, 'tis true, about 40 or 50 years ago was a pretty sprightly Instrument; When they durst Strab a wavering Monarch, or blow up an Heretieal State at a Blast. But now alas! he is grown old, Rusty and Dismelted; his very Name Odious amongst many of our own party; his prodigious Learning found but a blazing Meteor, and his Treasons, Murthers, and Equivocations, Cosenages, and other Excellencies, become too over palpable.

Devil. Your Holiness prates like an Infalible Sor, thus to disparage the most Trusty *Janizaries* of our Empire; The duller Order *Franciscans*, and *Capuchins*, with their nasty Austerities, may amuse

Melancholly Fools; But 'tis these active *sociable Incendiaries* must do the grand work, who by their Oily Tongues and pliable Behaviour, insinuate themselves in Princes Courts, to Dive into their *Cabinet Councils*, and at the same time Abet all Factions, to infuse specious Principles preparatory to our designs in the Head of the unwary Rabble.

Pope. True, it is all this and more they have done, Screwing themselves into the Affections of *Grandees*, as gently as malevolent *Stars* dart their Influence, or blasting Mildews slide into the Bosome of a Flower. They have varied Shapes oftner then the *Camelion* at Land, or *Polypus* at Sea; now a Courtier, to Morrow a Souldier, then a Cobler, by and by a Weaver; a Galliant amongst the Ladies in the *Park*; an Atheist amongst the *Coffe-wits*, and a *Quaker* at *Drumshire House*: Yet when we thought all Cock-sure prepar'd, and doubted not but to have Stem'd the Tide of Opposition, by a Torrent from our *Romish See*; behold, an unhappy Providence damps the progress, and the *Alarm* takes through the City, as fast as our *Train of Wildfire* in *Sixty Six*; Immediately the *Pulpit Rings*, and the *Press Groans* with *Invectives* against our Doctrines; All our *Pollicies* are Unravel'd, our Sacred Person expos'd to *Contempt*, and Burnt by the *Hyreticks* in *Effigy*. In brief, This most holy design which we have so long been Midwiving into the World, is like to prove *Abortive* and fatally Miscarry; unless your *Old Dragon* subtlety, can speedily by some wonderful Stratagem, revive it to perfection.

Devil. Be patient *dear Child*! and bend a little to Fate, remember your Country Proverb, *Plan, Plan*, what is said of the City, holds true of your Faith.

Non fuit in uno Contita Roma die :

Room is not Built in a day.

Great Mutations require *Time*, be not too hasty, he goes fastest that walks *Pedetentim*; Physicians never administer Remedies in the Fit, stay till this *Paroxysm* is over, way-lay Opportunity, and Learn to Sail with every wind. In the mean time follow me to the next *Arbour*, where we will prepare Instructions for our *Emissaries* abroad as we conceive most convenient in the present juncture. Hereupon laying their Heads together for an hour, like the *Toad* lending poison to the *Viper*, their seeming Inventions were delivered of the following By-blow.

INSTRUCTIONS to be pursued by all Nuncio's, Jesuits, Priests, Lay-sticklers, and other Factors of the See of Room, for facilitating the Re-establishment of Popery in Heretical Countries.

Imprimis, You shall make the Advancement of the Romish Church your Pole-Star. The Center whereto all your words and Actions tend, For attaining which end, you shall bank no means be they he yet so unjust or Abominable, for he that thinks Fraud cannot be Pious or Pious, fraudulent is a Short-ear'd Ass, and was never bottom'd in School Divinity.

2. You shall discover or conceal your Religion, as best suits your conveniences, and rather than loose a good place for want of a renunciatory Oath, you shall have from us Dispensations and Pardons gratis, to Indemnify your Souls; yet still you shall pretend in publick to a most stout honesty and sincerity. For

The Stragagem is then Exalted High

When th' Hypocrite reviles Hypocrisie.

3. Think not to put off all your ware at once, down right Popery at first dash is frightful, but those that keek at it whole, will swallow it handsomely Minc'd. First, Tinge people with a preparative Blew, and then sause 'um with the colour of the Scarlet Whore, begin with our most plausible Principles, The Vulgar never mind the Tail of the business, yet there lies the Stings, when the Needles once through, the Thred will follow; some serious Truths must be delivered the better under those Palliations, to disseminate our profitable Errours, so a stink offends more when concomitant with some weak Perfume which it hath *Pro vehimlo*, than when 'tis single. The Perfume procuring for the stench easier admittance into the Sense: Thus Poysons are most dangerous and irremediable when joyn'd in Commission with a Cordial too weak to resist them, it only serving to Conduct them to the Heart, but is unable to vanquish their malignity.

4. Let your deportment be complaisant, even to servile Flattery; Court your very Enemies with the most obliging Language, and Proressations of kindness, Kiss those hands you would cut off, and Hug him you cannot Hang, at least until you can; still fashion your selves to the humour of the present Company, as the light is round in the Sun, in the five *Pyramidal*. If any recommend Liberty of Conscience, do you straight cry out against Persecution, and laugh not for a world, but remember you are yet a while to play the Foxes and Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing: 'Tis hereafter in the Inquisition you

5. In private discourses you shall passionately bewail the Variety of Sects and Opinions amongst *Protestants*; (yet still promote such differences what you can) representing the difficulty of *Scriptures* to be understood; How every *Heresy* seeks protection there; and a thousand different Judgments vouch their Warrant from the same Text. Hence you shall take occasion, Only to magnifie the *Unity of Rule*, (though indeed there's no such thing) That without a Judge there can be no accision, without *Infallibility*, no Certainty, and consequently, no *Security*. That such as skip the *Pale* of the Church, are always in a Roising condition, and like a floating Island, or the Sea-weeds, know not where to take, or how to keep Root, yet still persuade people there's no danger of *Popery*, no designe to introduce it; that such a charge is ridiculous to imagine, impossible to be accomplished. When men Sleep is the onely time to sow Tears; Security dwells next door to Ruin.

6. Study profoundly; humours and interests; to the poor magnify *Popish Charity*, and the Noble House-keeping of old; To Young Sholars the Learning of the *Jesuits*, and the excellent Method and Discipline of their Schools beyond the Seas; to the Debauch'd, represent the moderation of your Church in voting the *Whiston Sillies* of Nature (as *Whoredome, Adultery, Incest and Sodomy*) but venial *Peccadillies*, and granting Indulgencies at easie Rates, for great crimes.

7. Promote that Laudable Design of *Atheism*, which you have already so hopefully begun. For those that have no regard for any Religion to be sure will never oppose one that is so fitted for their turn and near of kin in effect to their present Sentiments.

8. You shall more industriously spread your Nets for the Rich and the Great. Who being most allied to the World, are aptest to comply with any Religion that's thriving, Besides the Influence of their Example and power on the *Domesticks, Retainers, and Dependants*, for you may see when the Tide turns, all the Sips at Anchor in the River presently change Head for *Sterne*.

9. A Miracle, now and then may do well amongst the Vulgar, but cautiously, 'tis a Subtle Eagle ey'd Age, be sure therefore prepare your Counterfeit, that is to be possess'd very well, and carry your hand Invisible Juggling hair clearly.

Lastly, Forget not our *primitive policy*, in tempting *Eve* first, profligate the *Women*, and let them alone to draw in the *Men*; There is no Devil to the *Shee-Devil*, They long since brought the *Strongest* of men to Ruin, and the *Wise* to *Idolatry*. Our more Private Directions.

rections for Murthering Priaces, Burning Heretical Cities, &c. We shall Inspire you within Person, and now conclude with our Joyne Benediction.

May your Foreheads be as Walls of Corinbarn Brass, your Tongues tip with Syrens Musique, and your Ignis fatuus lead all Europe.

Given at Rome this 20th. of November, S. R. in the year of Hells Confusion, 1677. Signed with the Devils Paw, and the Seal of the Fisher.

Having dispatch't away these instructions by an Infernal Carrier, They both fell a Quaffing some full Bowls of English Martyrs Blood, reserv'd ever since Queen Maries days, for the Popes own Mornings Draughts, and Sung in Parts the following Versicle of an Anthem; compos'd for their use on such occasions by Ignatius Loyola,

Devil, 'Tis done, and methinks already I see

Whole droves on their Journey, thronging to me:

No more will we Angle for single Souls.

Our Catholick Draw-net, shall catch 'um by Shoals.

* England so called by one of the Popes, for the vast Sums drained from hence,

Pope, I laugh to think how our Coffers will swell,

With Treasures from this * inexhaustible well,

How simply too, some Lay-Papists will look,

When their dear Abby-Lands must be forsook,

Chorus of both.

No matter who looses, our Interests do joyn.

Devil. I cheat 'um for their Souls. [Pope] And I for their Coyn.

Exit Devil carrying the Pope a pick back.

FINIS.

